HISTORY OF ORSON EARL BUHLER

I was born January 26, 1902, to Gottfried and Louise Elisa Barben at Midway, Utah. It was a Sunday morning about 1:30 a.m. I went to school in Midway from the first grade to the eighth grade. I graduated from the eighth grade when I was 13. About that time Joe, my brother, filled a mission to Germany; and I remember when I was 12 years old Mother died and was buried on my birthday. There was about three or four feet of snow at that time and we used the sleighs to take her to the cemetery. Everything was bobsleds and horses that day.

I have nine brothers and three sisters. The oldest brother was Franklin. He died when he was about 8 years old. William is 17 years older than me; Joe 15 years older, Alma 10 years older; Ardell, 8 years older; Francis 6 years older; Ephraim, 4 years older; Rolland, 2 years older than I am. Bernice is 2 years younger than I am. Vesta is 2 years younger than Bernice and Thurman is 2 years younger than her. That is twelve in the family. Franklin, Thurman, Ardell, Bernice, and Joe are now deceased and the rest are still living at this time.

About the time I was 12 years old, we built the hot pots, called the Buhler Hot Pots. The first night the big pool was open, I got up on a big iron bar with two chains on the side and when it swung back I dived off and jumped up out of the water just as the pipe came back. It took two front teeth out of me. I'm still without them and one at the side is gone.

My father had lots of horses. We had a big stable of horses in those days. My older brothers hauled freight to Park City. It would be something like a trucking firm now. It was horses and wagons in those days.

I remember when I was a boy, Mary Sultzer lived next door, south of us. Her cow had a calf and she asked me to come down and haul it away in the wheelbarrow. She said it was dead or almost, so I went down and hauled it up on the mound--that's up past our place where we kept our cows--and I was about going to dump it out in the trash. It stood up in the wheelbarrow, so I took it in and fed it milk and raised it until it was a yearling. Then the girls of Mrs. Sultzer came up and wanted the calf back, after it was grown to be a yearling. My dad wouldn't give it to them. 'Course, I was a boy of about 14, and anyway, Father traded off the calf for 60 white leghorn chickens. It took me about six months to a year to carry off those chikens, one or two at a time.

I worked at Wilson's when I was a boy. I rode the horse to pull the hay up onto the stacks. I got a dollar a day at that time. One year, I guess when I was about 15, I went up to the sheep herd with them and I stayed up one summer and moved camp and did the cooking. Parley Probst was the herder and we went clear from Dutch Canyon pretty near over to Brighton. I moved camp, did the cooking, hauled the water, and came down to Midway with three pack horses and I packed salt and groceries up once a week to the herd.

When I was 16, Ardell, my sister, lived south of Heber and her husband, Dean Clyde, was out with the herd that winter and he hired me to feed the sheep at home and milk the cows and take care of the place. Each day I hauled a load of hay up from Charleston to feed the sheep and milked the cows and tended the hogs. My recreation at night was roller skating in Heber up at Turners Hall.

The next year Father and I couldn't get along. He'd married that old mouser (we called her) another woman. Mary and I couldn't get along at all so I wrote to Eph and I moved on up into Gannett, Idaho--that was when I was 17. I lived in Gannett one year and stayed there that winter. That winter I think the train was snowed out for six weeks. When I went to town, I had to go on skiis. Eph had a Model T Ford. That was the first car I drove, I was about 18. We lived next door to Barbens. And of course Will Buhler was up there. They'd moved up there in 1914. This was in 1918-19. For next five years Eph, Francis, and I had a cattle ranch in Bellview. After five years Francis and I came to Salt Lake and worked at the Western Seed cleaning seed and then in the summer we stayed at the ranch. I did most of the stacking. We used to put about 30 tons in a stack each day. Then on Sunday I used to ride the hills for the cattle to see how they were. We did pretty good but the rustlers rustled our cattle and took them out the other way down through Carey and sold them at Paul...at the butcher shop there. They caught them allright and I think they got ten years for rustling but it didn't bring our cattle back to us.

In 1922 I drove Frances' horses and a wagon down from Bellview, Idaho, to Murray, Utah. It took ten and a half days. We used the horses--there were five head. Warnel Workman came down and he also had five horses. We used the horses to dig

basements. I gave Francis half of what I made for his teams, and it cost just about all that to feed them, but we did pretty good and afterwards Francis sold the horses. I then carried the brick and wheeled the brick for most of the houses between West Temple and First West and just below Seventeenth South. I must have helped build about 30 houses right in there.

I then got a job next in the Keith O'Brien and Auerbachs building. I worked there for about a year remodeling. Eph needed some help at home in Idaho so I went back there and one summer helped him put up his hay and when I came back I went back to work there and that's when I met my wife...I went with her that winter and the next spring. On March the 4, 1924, we were married.

Just after I was married, I went to work at the Utah Oil. I went to work for John Barben, he was unloading coal--had a contract with them. We made a pipe derrick and used a horse to pull it off. We used a Jackson Fork and made a shovel on the bottom where the tines were. We pulled the coal out of the car over the wall and did pretty good that way. I worked there for a couple of years. John had a contract and he was cleaning stills. Joe and I took over this contract and were supposed to unload a car--that is we used to run the shovel up in the car and the other one lead the horse and take turns, but Joe couldn't handle the shovel, so of course when one of us had to laid off, they laid Joe off and that made Hazel made. She thought it was terrible to lay off a married man with a bunch of children instead of somebody that just got married, but Joe couldn't handle the shovel and wasn't any good to John. John and I we dug basements and the coal too and then we did one batter of stills also. We did pretty good then for a couple of years.

I got a job cleaning stills too. Warnel Workman was out of work so he took my place unloading coal with John and finally John couldn't handle it anymore. His arms ached so bad and he got rheumatism so he had to quit, so I took the coal job over. Warnel wouldn't work with me on the coal, so he took a job down on the stills too--he'd rather work for Utah Oil, so I took on a fellow by the name of Curtis with me and we did the job. In the meantime I bought a home. I moved from Salt Lake to Heber when I jot laid off at Utah Oil and worked in the mines in Park City for four years. I lived in Heber and drove back and forth to the mines with a load of men. Joan and Chick were born in Heber. The mines shut down and I was laid off and moved back to Salt Lake City.

I worked for two weeks at the Utah Oil and just got a couple of weeks work in I was laid off again. They told me I'd be the next man back, but I was the next one hired back.... but it was 18 months later. Will Barben had a house out there on his farm, so we went out there in that little house he had and then I got a job unloading a car of coal that fall. I unloaded it and got $2.50 in money, a check and a ton of coal. That night I looked at the side of the house and the pigs all ate up the ton of coal. The bank went broke so I lost the check, but the man made it good so we had that for Christmas. My wife's sister, Clara, and my brother, Francis, they made Christmas for us out there--which was very, very nice. The next year on the 19th day of July I got a job back at Utah Oil and went out there in the old Buick and drove back and forth that winter. Then we moved up to Salt Lake on Concord Street where we lived for a year. I then bought this place on Navajo Street and we moved up here on Navajo. Bunny was born on Concord Street, and Ray and the twin were born on Navajo Street, when we lived there. They were only seven-month babies and the twin only lived overnight. The next morning he died so Grandma and I took the baby up to the cemetery and buried it on the foot of Lilly's (my sister-in-law's) grave. Ray was in the incubator for two months. I had to go everyday to see him--put on the ether jacket and go in to see him. I was afraid to come home without going to see him or I'd have to go right back out. The wife couldn't go see him, but she was home after about a week in the hospital.

After I moved into this home on Navajo Street, I dug a basement uner it. We didn't have enough room so I dug a basement and put a couple of bedrooms downstairs.. It was quite a job, but I didn't mind doing it. When we first bought the house we didn't have a cent of money to pay down. They let us buy it by paying $25.00 a month until I had the $200 down on it then went on to $15.00 a month until I had paid for it. We paid $1,500.00 for the place and that was quite a bit at that time. I had a contract on it so I could pay it off as fast as I could. I wanted to get it paid off--I wanted a roof over my head. I wanted to have a place if another depression hit like that one. That's the worst time I've ever known in my life with 18 months out of work, with nothing to do nor no sound of a job, nothing coming in, and everything was cheap at the time. That was a terrible time. I hope none of the children have to go through a depression like we did.

I remember one night after Ray came home, we left him with Bob who was old enough to take care of him. We left him home and went to the show. Ma and I and Mrs. Burt went to see the show there on Third South at the Rialto. It was "The Last Days of Pompeii" and when we got out about 10:00 o'clock we had the car parked over across the road on Third South by the Keith O'Brien Building, and we got in the car. As we were going to get into the car a girl about 8 years old wanted to know if she could walk down past West Temple with us, she lived down there in an apartment house. We told her we had the car but she could ride down and as we went past West Temple she said there were two men trying to get hold of her. This one man she showed us. He was in the restaurant there on Third South and West Temple, and as we drove down about half a bock where she got out to run home, a man came across the street (a dark complexiioned man--he wasn't a Negro, he looked like a Mexican). He tried to run ahead of me and get the girl as she cut off to the other side of the car. I put the car in second and cut him off, then he ran around the back and I was going to get out, but Mrs. Burt said "no, he's got a knife maybe," so I didn't get out. The girl got home okay so we went home.

You know, the funniest feeling I ever had was that night. When we got home, Ma took care of Ray, and we went to bed. I left the car out in front of the street because I had a call for a still that night at about 2:00 a.m. I figured there was something fierce about what was bothering me, oh an awful spirit. Ma and I went to bed but I couldn't sleep. I couldn't even lay there, so I got up and look around. I even looked in the clothes closet and the bathroom and couldn't see anything. I looked out the windows and couldn't see anything, so I laid back down again, and it was about 2:00 in the morning and it was just as dark as pitch. I said, Oh my God, what's the matter? Oh My Lord what's the matter with me anyway? Then the room lit up as light as day and there lay Satan between us. I said, Satan, you SOB get out of here! He grabbed me by the throat, not by the flesh, but by the spirit and he tried to pull the spirit out of me, and of course, we ranted around. He threw me all over this house here and of coure Ma woke up and turned on the light, of course the big light went out, the light that went on when I said that. I thought it took about two hours to get rid of him, but it didn't. Ma said it took about 20 minutes. We knelt down and prayed and Ma got rid of him. I couldn't get him out, but Ma got him out.

Then that feeling of the Holy Ghost, that white Spirit came over us and I felt pretty weak and pretty humble. Now I knew it was Satan. I saw him laying there and I knew it was Satan because I'd seen him before. I know I'd seen him in the spirit world. He was an awful well-looking man. He about as pretty a man--I've never seen a woman as pretty as Satan. He had a nice olive skin and he was formed perfect as far as I could see. He had one little freckle on his right cheekbone, but outside of that he had no more blemishes. He had long sideburns, not too long and slick black hair and they were beautiful. I've never seen a woman with as beautiful eyebrows as he had. He had coal black eyes. He had a red cap on, something like an overseas cap of the first world war with a yellow stripe that looked like it might be wood up the middle about 3 inches wide and 3 inches high, and it had a curve on it. I have never seen a red as beautiful as the red of his cap, and I've never seen a yellow in this world like that yellow. I knew I didn't want nothing to do with Satan so I thought, well, I guess we'd better do something so Ma and I went and got our Patriarchal Blessings. We went up to the Church Office Building and Brother Woodbury didn't know whether he wanted to give me one or not--I smelled of tobacco smoke; but he gave Mom hers first and told her she was sealed up against the power of the destroyer. When he got to me he told me that Satan would bother me all the day's of my life. So, I know the reason for that because I'm like Thomas (the doubting Thomas). The Lord knows that he lets Satan after me I'd have to keep the commandments of God and I'd have to do what was right so I'd have the power to cast him out.

Brother Burt lived next door north, and he's quite a bit older than I was, but when we started going, he wanted to go to church. He was just confirmed a member. We started going to Adult Aaronic class over at the Poplar Grove Ward. It wasn't long then until I was ordained a priest and George was ordained a priest. Then it wasn't long until I was ordained an Elder and of course George was ordained an Elder at the same time. Then we went to the temple and had our families sealed to us, and George went at the same time and had their sealing done.

Bishop Snider asked me to go out to the farm and plow beets. I was working six-hour shifts at Utah Oil at the time, so I went down and worked at the farm. Brother Heath was on the

tractor and the plow was on behind. He said said, "Are you going to help me?" I said, "Yeah, I'll help you." So I put my right hand on the left handle of the plow and he said, get a strddle of it, and I said, "Oh no, I'll plow this way, if you'll drive the tractor, I'll do the plowing. So we went on down the row and he stopped pretty soon and looked back, and I still had it all right. We made about three rounds and he saw that I was still plowing, so he said he was in second gear, could he go in third gear? So he went in third gear, and we plowed until 6 o'clock. That gave them enough for the toppers when they came down after their regular work that night, and I went to plow beets then until they were all plowed. It took us about two or three weeks to get them all plowed. Then they asked me to be a work director. I didn't care much about it but I did take the job. And, of course, I had to meet with the committee and President Childs was Stake President and Perschone was 1st Counselor, Drury was 2nd Counselor in the State Presidency. I went to Priesthood meeting one morning and President Child got up and said I recommend Orson Buhler for a High Priest, and I almost fell through the bench. I was passed on then I had to over to President Drury over at Welfare Square, he was a bishop over there. He asked me, "Are you morally clean and fit to be a High Priest?" and I said, "Well, I might be morally clean but I'm not fit to be a High Priest. He said, "Well a lot of us feel that way." Anyway they made me a High Priest in 1944 and President Perschon ordained me a High Priest and in it he said I'd be President of Quorum one day. I came home and told the wife and children, "That's pretty good to put me in the High Priests and promise me presidency of the quorum (chuckles)." Anyway that happened. After I was released as Bishop in 1956 then I was put in as counselor to President Glause and he lived about a year and then he died, and I was put in as President. I held that for 8 years and I had as my counselors Brother Warner and McDermott, and McDermott fell down an elevator shaft one Sunday. We were visiting and he went to work Sunday at about 12:00 o'clock, I guess, and at 7:00 he fell down the shaft. My Bob was a Sargent of the police, and he was one that helped bring him out. Then I got Brother William Vonk of the 32nd Ward--he was my counselor. While I held that position, I took a job over at Welfare Square as a guide. I worked there for three years as a guide, then I was put in charge of the guides, and I've been in that for two years. One year I was Assistant to the President of Guides; the last two years I've been in charge of guides, and I'm still there at this time, January, 1969.

I want to go back now and tell about a couple of experiences I've had at the Temple. One time when I was an Elder during the war, I came out of the temple on North Temple Street and got in my car and made a U-turn. You could do it in those days, and as I went down to the viaduct a soldier was crossing the street and something said to me, "Pick that soldier up." I picked him up, he happened to be a pilot. My voice was taken over, I guess by the Holy Ghost, and this is the way it went....My voice said to him, "You knelt at your bed ten minutes ago in your hotel room and asked the Lord, and I'm here to answer your prayers. You've wanted to know which place you're going to - either Asia or Europe. You're going to Europe. You're going to England and you're going to fly many trips over Germany, but if you keep yourself unspotted from the sins of this generation, you won't be hurt, you'll come home. You're second question was about your father and mother. Your father and mother are fine. They'll be there when you get back." He asked what religion I was, I told him I was a Mormon. He said he'd met some Mormons in the CC Camp in Idaho. The only Mormons he had met. When I got to 9th West and turned south I stopped to let him off. He wanted to know where he could go to a chapel to thank the Lord and I told him there were plenty of chapels but there wasn't one open in the weekdays. I told him there would be one about every third or fourth block in the valley, but wherever he went, it didn't matter where, anyplace in the world, that he'd be allowed to go, there would either be Mormon missionaries or Mormon chapels and Mormon wards and then he left and the Holy Ghost went out, and then the tears just rolled down my cheeks and I had to stop and get control of myself before I could go on. I've often wondered why I let him off there and didn't take him out to the airport, but had I taken him out to the airport, he'd have mixed with the other boys, he wouldn't have had time to think about what had happened to him. This way he was going to walk anyway and I gave him a lift of about five or six blocks, so I didn't put him out any.

Another time when I went to the temple, when I went to get my name for an endowment, they asked me I'd go work at the Baptismal Font. I said no, I'd be late for work, I have to get through and out. They did that three times and I turned them down all three times and my wife, she was the ward and stake baptism woman and one time we were there I went up and did an endowment while she took the boys and girls down to be baptised.

I went down into the baptismal room to see if she was ready to go and Oh, Brother! there were 300 spirits in there getting their baptisms done. I crowded up through there to ask the boys from our ward if Ma was there and she'd been up to the font so I got out of there again. I couldn't speak for 20 minutes. I know for a surety that the spirits came there to get their baptisms done and get their endowments at that temple. It's a wonderful experience and it's quite a testimony to me to know that those spirits come for a surety. Of all the things I read about, I'll never get as much out of them as I get out of my temple experiences.

When Ray was on his mission we were just going to bed out on the front porch and something said to me, "Send Ray $10 he needs it." Of course we found out later that he really did need it. His partner was transferred and he gave him all his money to depart on and left himself broke so he went down to the post office and his money was there.

[Typist's note. This was dictated to a tape recorded in 1969, as noted on this page, when it was typed in 1974, and the brothers and sisters were listed, Ardell is listed as being deceased, but she died in 1974 just prior to the typing of these sheets.]

THE FOLLOWING WAS TAKEN FROM EMMY MCALLISTER BUHLER'S HISTORY - as told by her daughter, Better Buhler Pender.

In Heber City, Utah two weeks after Charlotte was born, the children caught the whooping cough and unfortunately the baby caught it as well. All the children were very sick with coughs, but the baby was the worse. Turning blue with coughing and choking, the baby had to be steamed every 20 minutes. The doctor said her life was hopeless. Emma called the elders in to give her a name and to administer to her. From that moment on the baby began to get well and improve. Years later when Charlette was about 7 years old, she developed Brights disease and became very sick. Mother and Dad were called to her side and administered to her. Once again her life was spared. She came home thin, crossed eyed, and smelling with a bad odor. Slowly she imporved, and was the last of all the children to wear glasses when she became an adult.

Emma has always had a testimony of the gospel, lived it faithfully all her life. Her first position in the church was to teach in Junior Sunday School in Cannon Ward, Pioneer Stake. She has taught in MIA, been a counselor in Relief Society, Ward Representative for baptisms for the dead for five years for the ward and 10 years for the stake. She has been a Relief Society Home Teacher for about 15 years--serving in the Poplar Grove Ward, Poplar Grove II, and Edison Ward. She has served as mother of the ward and wife to a bishop of Poplar Grove II and Edison Ward for 10 years. She has always taught her children to do what is right and instilled within them a testimony and a desire to serve the Lord. Many times in her young married life she went to church alone or with a child to keep her company. She has had many uplifting experiences in prayer and through the priesthood. She knows that there have been times in her life when she has been close to death, but the Lord has spared her through the blessings pronounced upon her head by the priesthood.